

Water into wine – the servant’s story

Talking to someone off-stage. “Yeah, right boss. We’ll wait right here. No, we won’t go anywhere, not if we know what’s good for us...”

Notices the congregation – “Don’t mind me, it’s just that me and my mates are waiting for our boss... You see, he’s not very happy with us... which is understandable. He’s had a lot on his plate, what with looking after the wedding, and then discovering that we’d run out of wine...”

Ooh, the language he used when we told him that there was no more wine left. I hadn’t heard words like that since I had a night out on the town with some fishermen!

Anyway, between you and me, us standing here waiting for our P45’s is all the fault of that Jesus bloke and his mum, Mary!

There we were, minding our own business, keeping the tables stocked up with food and stuff, when Mary comes over and says, “*Do whatever he tells you!*” Now of course, we’re going to do whatever him or her tells us to do, cause we’re servants and we know our place, but still, it was a bit of weird thing to say...

Then Jesus comes over and tells us to fill up six massive stone jars with water. Well, that took some doing in itself, cause you’re talking about 150 gallons! But we managed it.

And then, while we were having a breather, Jesus says, “*Take some of the water to the Master of the Banquet!*”

Pauses – Now, we’d already heard the commotion about there being no wine, and we knew that our Boss was... upset... very upset, to put it mildly... so

none of us servants were happy in being told to take a goblet of... water to him, and giving him the idea that we were giving him wine...

But it's not our fault. Him, Jesus, he told us to do it!

Pauses – But the thing is... Jesus had this authority about him – you know, you're just not going to argue with him. So, we did it! We filled up the goblet from one of the stone jars and went and gave it to the Boss.

When we gave it to him, and told him where it was from, we were surprised that he didn't throw it at us. His face went beetroot red, and he kind of said – amongst other things - through clenched teeth, that he didn't have time for practical jokers, being as he had a wedding celebration that was falling apart around him, and could we wait over here, while he decided on our future... or lack of it...

Which is why we're here!

Hears someone speaking to him from off stage – What's that Boss? **(Pause)** It's the best wine you've ever tasted and why did we tell you it was water? Erm **(chuckles nervously)** erm, well, yeah! You said it yourself, Boss, we're just a bunch of practical jokers. That us! Ha, ha, ha. Surprise!

Listens some more – No, no, wasn't being cheeky, Boss! Not me, wouldn't dream of it. And yep, we'll start dishing out the wine, straight away! Right now! **(Pause)** So... does this mean we keep our jobs, Boss... **(listens briefly)** Only if we stop gabbing on, and get the wine out quickly...

Ha, ha, ha... Good one, Boss. We're on it, don't you worry!

To the congregation – Best be going – got a wedding to save! Cheers!

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